

JOHNNY
IRISH
CLOWN

PATTERSON'S

RAMBLER
FROM
CLARE

W. J. PATTERSON



WITH
JOHN B. DORRIS
GREAT
INTER-OCEAN
TRAVEL

THE RAMBLER FROM CLARE.

Sung with great success by JOHNNY PATTERSON, the great Irish Clown.

The first of my courtship that ever was known,
I straight took my way to the County Tyone,
Among the pretty fair maids they used me well there,
They called me the stranger or the rambler from Clare.

I staight took my way to the town of Tralee,
When I fell a courting young Sally McGee,
I first gained her favor, and then left her there,
And now they are in search of the rambler from Clare.

It's there I enlisted in a town called Fermoy
I had so many masters I could not comply;
I deserted next morning—the truth I declare—
And for Limerick, fair city, starts the rambler from Clare.

It's like a deserter my case to bewail,
I was taken and surrounded in a town called Rathreal;
It's off to head-quarters I had to repair,
And in the black hole lay the rambler from Clare.

I took off my hat and made a low bow,
In hope that the colonel would pardon me now,
The pardon he gave me was hard and severe,
Saying: bind him, confine him, he is the rambler from Clare

When my aged mother heard this sudden surprise,
Both my loving brothers their shouts reached the skies,
Brave boys, says my father, your arms prepare,
Bring me back my darling, he is the rambler from Clare.

It's there we assembled in a well armed band,
With our guns on our shoulders, being ten thousand strong:
The firing began, with our heroes in rear,
We broke the jail door, and freed the rambler from Clare.

We marched all along with our hats in our hands,
Our guns on our shoulder being a harmonious gang;
At the very next tavern we drank hearty there,
And made chief commander of the rambler from Clare.

So it's now I have got the title of a united man,
I cannot stay at home in my own native land,
But off to America I have to repair:
He is gone, God be with him, he is the rambler from Clare.

Farewell to my mother wherever I may be,
Likewise to my sweetheart young Sally McGee,
Our ship it is ready and the wind it blows fair:
That the lord may be with him the rambler from Clare.

THERE NEVER WAS A COWARD WHERE THE SHAMROCK GROWS.

As sung with great success by JOHNNY PATTERSON, the great Irish Clown.

1. Let cow - ard - ly slan - der - ers say what they may A -

gainst the dear land of my birth; But I will roam -

tahn, in spite of its foes, It's the dear - est green

spot on this earth. Some say we are cow - ards, and

not for naught else But drink - ing our home-made poth - en;

But I'll throw back the evil - lain - ous lie in their face, We're as

brave as the sham - rock is green. Pat may be

fool - ish, and ve - ry of - ten wrong, Pat's got a temper which

don't last ve - ry long; Pat is full of jol - i - ty, as eve - ry body

knows, But there never was a cow - ard where the shamrock grows.

2 Tho' oppressed and insulted for hundreds of years,
By the foe who once conquered them, they
Have left us the courage our forefathers had,
For that they cannot take away.
They kept learning from us, stole all we held dear,
And crushed us till others cried shame;
But in spite of all we have struggled to learn
That courage and wit are the same.—CHO.

OLD IRELAND IS THE COUNTRY I WAS BORN IN

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

Oh, I have just left Donegal, and I thought I'd give
a call—

It is a thing that becomes an honest neighbor—
For I'm going to cross the sea, bound for America,
Where I am told a man is paid for his labor.
It is there I'll see, ochone, the boys I knew at home.
Oh, the boys I often drank with until morning;
But wherever I may go, sure I'll have you all to know
That old Ireland is the country I was born in.

CHORUS.

So now strike up your band in praise of Paddy's land,
Although I'm going to leave it in the morning;
But wherever I may roam, sure I'll always think of
home,
For old Ireland is the country I was born in.

Ah, then many a weary mile I have walked in Erin's
Isle,

And many are the hardships I have seen, sure;
I have seen both young and old starving in the cold,
When hurled by the landlord from the door;
But now those days have passed, and I hope I've
seen the last,

May the wrongs of Ireland soon be righted;
Then the world soon would see Ireland proud and free,
If her sons would only be united.

So now strike, etc.

So now I'll say good-bye, for the time is drawing nigh,
And the steamer she leaves Queenstown to-morrow;
Troth, my luggage it is light, and my purse not very
bright,

But my heart is well loaded down with sorrow.
So farewell, poor Granuaile; from you I now must sail
As thousands of my people done before me;
But if I could live at home, sure from there I'd never
roam,

I can't, boys, and where's the man can blame me.
So now strike, etc.

MY LOVE SHE'S GOING AWAY.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

Oh! It was in the town of Limerick I courted long
and strong,
The girl was fair, I do declare, and her name was
Mary Ann Long;
One day she got a letter, and I heard the neighbors
say,
Her passage was paid, and I'm afraid she'll go to
America.

CHORUS.

Oh! my love she's going away; she is, I hear the
people say;
Och hone, mavrone! I'll be alone when she goes to
America.

When first I saw my Mary Ann she was dancing on
the green,
Fine girls were there, I do declare—of them all she
was the queen;
With her big feet and her big teeth she stole my heart
away,
But, worse than all, the people say, she'll go to
America.

One day she says, "We'll married be;" says I "Will
I buy the ring?"
"Arrah, no," says she, "give the money to me, sure
that the very same thing;"
Ten pounds I then put in her hand, when she said,
"My dear, good-day;"
But oh, what a fright I got that night when I heard
she sailed away.

Ah, false, deceitful Mary Ann, how could you be so
cruel?
But let me say whate'er I can—she's only tricked a
fool;
'Tis not the money I care about, but the way I've
been taken in,
And when I go out the little boys shout, "Hello,
Johnny, did she ever come back with the ring?"

THE GARDEN WHERE THE PRATIES GROW.

Written and sung by the great Irish Clown, JOHNNY PATTERSON

Have you ever been in love, boys, did you ever feel that pain?
I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again,
Though the girl I loved was beautiful, I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

CHORUS.

She was just the sort of a creature that nature d'v'l intend
To walk straight through this world without the Grecian bend,
Nor did she wear a chignon—I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was singing an ould Irish song, called "Gra gal machree,"
Oh, says I, what a wife she'd make for an Irish boy like me;
I was on important business, but I did not like to go
And leave the girl or the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort, etc.

Says I, "My lovely fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me;"
But she wasn't like those city girls that would say, you're making
free;

She answered right modestly, and curtsied low,
Saying, you're welcome to the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort, etc.

Says I, my lovely darling, I'm tired of sing'e life,
And if you have no objections I'll make you my dear wife;
Says she, I'll ax my parents, and to-morrow I'll let you know,
If you meet me in the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort, etc.

Now, her parents they consented, and we're blessed with children
three—

Two girls like their mammy, and a boy the image of me;
I'll train up the children in the way they should go,
But I'll never forget the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort, etc.

THIS FUNNY WORLD.

Composed and sung by J. PATTERSON

Now what a world we are living in,
And funny things we see;
'Tis but a world of woe to some,
And yet how dear to me.
I mix my troubles with my joys,
But my whiskey I take straight;
I laugh when bitten by little flies,
Since the little dears must ate.

CHORUS.

No matter who runs down this world,
To praise I will strive,
And very few of us I think
Will leave this world alive.

A man may hit me with a brick,
If he says he is only funning;
And when in bed I never kick
At mosquitoes round me humming.
I stand up in a horse-car,
And let young men sit down;
In fact there's nothing troubles me,
I'm a happy Irish clown.

No matter who runs down, etc.

You can borrow my umbrella
On a very rainy day,
And if you never bring it back
I won't give you away;
You can ride me on a fence-rail,
Run over me with a hack,
And you can hitch your horse to me,
But I must be on his back.

No matter who runs down, etc.

HURRAH FOR A RACE OR A FAIR.

Written and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

O! from Ennis to Limerick one day
With some neighboring boys I did go, sirs,
It was race time I heard people say,
And a pleasanter time I don't know, sirs;
They came down from Cork and Kildare,
From Kerry and sweet Tipperary,
The Waterford boys they were there,
And each heart was as light as a fairy.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for a race or a fair,
When the boys are all jolly and frisky;
Sure you'll never see the blackguard dull care,
Where there's colleens and plenty of whiskey.

In those days it was horses, not steam,
That took you so near and so easy;
By your side sat your own sweet colleen,
And her cheeks they looked blooming and rosy;
In the front sat the driver in state,
With his whip flying away with the wind, sirs;
And to save his poor horses the weight,
The gossoons he would knock down behind, sirs.

Then hurrah, etc

On the course there were tents, boys, galore,
There was dancing and plenty of singing;
The piper were playing "Rory O'More,"
While the bell for the start it was ringing.
"They're off!" was the cry;
Sure it was true what the people were saying,
For two jockey's on the ground I did spy,
And if there were three, two to one would be laying.

Then hurrah, etc.

EMIGRANTS.

Written and sung by J. PATTERSON.

Now here I am a Munster boy, from Ennis an the
way,
To live by labor I did try, though I got but little pay;
Provisions high and wages small, I couldn't myself
maintain,
And to earn an honest living I was forced to cross the
main.

CHORUS.

So I parted from the shore, I might never see it more,
Ould Ireland you're my darling, and I'll always you
adore.
Sure the music of your harp with joy recalls the heart.

Now, the reason why we are so poor I'll quickly tell
to you--
Hardships, sure, we must endure, if we have no work
to do,
Though the land is rich and fertile, as you've heard
in many a song;
But if you'll listen for awhile I'll point you out what's
wrong.

So I parted, etc.

Now, if our Irish landlords, who in foreign lands do
roam,
Would spend a little time and money in the land they
call their own;
I'm sure there's room on each estate for a foundry or
a mill,
To give labor to those Irish boys, who other countries
fill.

So I parted, etc.

THE PRETTY LITTLE DUCKS.

Written by HENRY CARNEY.

Sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

I love to roam the bright green fields,
I like to live at a farm,
I love to stroll where the primroses grow,
For a country life is a charm.
I love to wander through the old farm-yard,
Round by the old haystack,
And listen to the chicks as they cackle, cackle, cackle.
And the pretty little ducks, quack, quack.

CHORUS.

Quack, quack, goes the pretty little ducks,
The hen's cackle is a warning,
When the old rooster crows, everybody knows
There's eggs for your breakfast in the morning.

I love to gaze on the ripe yellow corn,
I love to roll on the grass,
I love to romp in the new mown hay
Along with a pretty country lass.
I love to wander by the old mill stream,
And catch every breeze that blows,
I love to see the lambs as they ramble in the fields,
In the morning when the rooster crows.

Quack, quack, etc.

I love my home at the little white farm,
Where the ivy entwines round the door,
And I love to hear the lark as he soars on high,
And I love to hear the old bull roar.
I love to hear the milkmaid's song,
And listen to the little busy bee;
Well, you can have your cities and you can have your
towns,
But a country life for me.

Quack, quack, etc.

PINAFORE.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

If you listen awhile I will tell you in style
Of the troubles I went through;
Myself and Jerry Shea got tickets for the play
From a man named Donaghoe.
Says he, it's grand to hear the singing and the band,
And see a big ship on shore;
You'll see his cousins and aunts and the sailors' pants
On board the Pinafore.

CHORUS.

Oh, but how I regret that Jerry I met,
'Pon my soul, my bones are sore,
I was kicked and bate, and never got a sate
At the play of the Pinafore.

Oh, but when we got there how the gang did stave,
And the doorkeeper insulted Jerry;
Says, Nixey, weed, these Micks can't read,
And them tickets are from Camden Ferry.
Says I, you lie, then he hit me in the eye;
Oh, 'twas then that I stamped and swore,
May I be hanged, but I never got banged
Until I went to see Pinafore.

Oh, but how, etc.

JACK THE CONNAUGHT RANGER.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

Arrah, come out of the way, make room for one,
That never knew any sorrow;
But snaps his finger at dull care,
Crying better times to-morrow.
I can do what I like with my own,
And to sorrow I am a stranger.
I am gay and light both day and night,
I'm Jack the Connaught Ranger.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah, my boys, for fun and noise,
I'm the boy that fears no danger;
My purse is light, but my heart is right,
I'm Jack the Connaught Ranger.

Sure I'm in love with a fair colleen,
And her name is Mary Ryan;
Together we dance upon the green,
Oh! about her, faith I'm dying.
There's lovers comes about her smart,
Like asses round a manger;
But there's not one can melt her heart
Like Jack the Connaught Ranger.

Then hurrah, etc

Good-night, my friends. I must away,
I must, upon my honor,
For I've promised to have a cup of tea
Along with Judy O'Connor.
And if I call some other night,
Don't think that I'm a stranger,
For to please you all 'tis my delight,
I'm Jack the Connaught Ranger.

Then hurrah, etc

THE CUNARD LINE.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

On the 17th of March which is known as Patrick's
Day,
From out the River Mersey the *Batavia* sailed away;
We first put in at Queenstown for passengers and the
mail,
Then our ship she slewed around and for America did
sail.

CHORUS.

So hurrah for the captain and officers, too;
Hurrah for the engineers, and likewise the crew;
Hurrah for our stewards they were always up to time,
Oh, there's grand accomodation on the Cunard line.

Our saloon passengers they were few—just a little
above two dozen.
We had on board Sir William Vernor, Bart., his lady
and his cousin;
The passengers they varied from a prince down to a
clown,
Who said to keep our spirits up by letting spirits down.

On the 19th of March near the bridge there sat a
group,
Listening to the songs and jokes of some one of a
circus troupe,
When the chief officer, Mr. McKay, he acted very kind,
He told the sailors rig some canvas to save us from
the wind.

Now we felt nice and warm, for the funnel it was hot,
And Patterson amused us with his old coffee pot;
But when he played an Irish jig, with their feet they
would keep time,
Sure you'd think it was a picnic on the Cunard line.

Now I'll give advice to all my friends who think of
leaving home,
To travel by the Cunard line whene'er they wish to
roam;
For safety and civility I'm sure they take the shine,
Oh, there's no boats but so jolly as the Cunard line.

CINCINNATI IN THE STATE OF OHO-HO.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

Come all ye lovers, young and old, and listen to my
song,
For I'll relate and truly state the cause of all that's
wrong;
Ere I did roam I loved at home a girl named Molly, oh,
But now she's gone and left me in a state of grief and
woe.

CHORUS.

I'm traveling round the country, and I'm searching
high and low;
But she's gone to Cincinnati, in the State of Oho-ho.

Last week I went to Brooklyn to see some boys from
Clare,
I saw Michael Ryan, Pat O'Brien, and a boy named
Martin Hare.
They said that Mollie went out West, but the place
they do not know,
Still they think it's Cincinnati, in the State of Oho-ho.

CHORUS.

Your American country is so large, where I go I do
not know
And look for Cincinnati, or its State of Oho-ho.

Now if I don't find my Mollie dear, I'll tell what I'll
do:
I'll go to Salt Lake City—'tisn't one I'll have, but
two—
And if ever Mollie finds me out, I'll have her for to
know
She may go to Cincinnati, in the State of Oho-ho.

CHORUS.

And if ever Mollie finds me out, I'll have her for to
know
She may go to Cincinnati, in the State of Oho-ho.

ACUSHLA MACHREE.

Composed and sung by JOHNNY PATTERSON.

Oh, Erin, my country, though thousands now leave
thee,
With suffering provocations that no tongue can
tell,
To see the pride of my country depart so does grieve
me,
And their sighs fill the sails as they bid thee fare-
well.
Your foes they are smiling, whilst wealth they are
piling.
Our sons for them toiling by land and by sea,
Oh, land of great plenty, there's your barns and
stores empty!
Oh, Ireland! wronged Ireland! Acushla machree!

Ah, why is my country thus standing in danger?
You rulers of Ireland can best understand;
'Tis because all our strongholds are held by a
stranger—
Our castles, our cattle, our homes and our land.
Whilst my country is dwindling far from its proud
station,
That once was the home for the brave and the
free,
Now the pride of my people must seek emigration
Far away from poor Ireland, Acushla machree!

Now Britannia may boast of her army and navy,
And her conquests abroad, which she ne'er fought
alone,
But if a war should break out and she required a
new levy,
Then she'd need the brave boys she has driven
from home.
For Irishmen—ever in battle none braver—
They fight like the tigers by land and by sea,
And in all her late quarrels we have shared her great
laurels,
Faugh-a-ballagh for Ireland! Acushla machree.

'TIS LUCKY SOMETIMES TO BE LATE.

Composed and sung with great success by JOHNNY PATTERSON, the Great Irish Clown.

Some people are off in a hurry,
Without knowing what they are going to do,
And off, through their bustle and flurry,
Their business transactions they rue;
My advice is, take things nice and easy,
Don't let excitement baffle your fate,
Many people may think I am crazy
When I say it is lucky sometimes to be late.

CHORUS.

Slow and sure is my motto through life, boys,
Though some don't approve of my gait,
But you'll find what I say is quite right, boys,
'Tis lucky sometimes to be late.

Now I once on a journey was going,
By rail a number of miles,
But from morning to night there's no knowing
What misfortune may add to man's trials;
I was late, the train had a collision,
Oh, sad was the passengers' fate,
Now see, by fortune's bright vision,
'Twas lucky that time I was late.

Once when I was going to get married,
But the bride took another in spite,
And glad I am now that I tarried,
For she walloped him that very night;
And if he dare say that he's master
She tears all the hair of his pate;
I'd have had her, but he was much faster—
I missed her, and glad I was late.

Another night when I knocked at my lodgings,
From the window a voice said, "Begone,"
It was my landlord, disagreeable old Hodgins,
Who says: "I won't let you in after one;"
I turned and walked to the circus,
And in the stables I slept safe and sound,
In the morn when I called at my lodgings,
I found the house burned to the ground.

JUST DOWN THE LANE.

Written and Composed by SIDNEY BARNER.

Arranged by EDMUND FORMAN.

Music published by E. H. HARDING, 220 Bowery, N. Y.

There's a nice little darling, a beautiful miss,
A maiden with soft golden hair,
Each evening she meets me with one loving kiss,
Listen and I'll tell you where.
Her eyes are like diamonds, or stars in the sky,
That twinkle and shine from above,
And my heart's full of rapture whenever she's nigh,
For this little darling I love.

CHORUS.

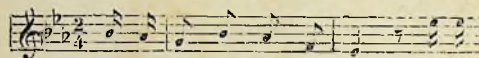
Just down the lane, over the stile,
Under the old oak tree;
The clock striking nine, stars brightly shine,
There's somebody waiting for me.

If she should prove false, my heart it would break,
For oft she said she'd be true,
And settle the bargain with many a kiss,
While whispering softly adieu.
Then meet me to-morrow, altho' thro' the trees,
The wind seeming softly to sigh,
And the clock striking nine is heard on the breeze,
And the moon shining bright in the sky.
Just down the lane, etc.

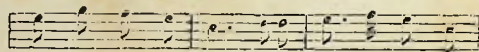
Last evening she whisper'd that she'd be my wife,
And then named the sweet happy day,
That she would become my partner for life,
Hand-in-hand thro' the world with me stray.
And then when we're married, we'll stroll 'neath the
trees,
And whisper our love o'er again,
While talking of times when Nelly and I,
Our secrets exchanged down the lane.
Just down the lane, etc.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

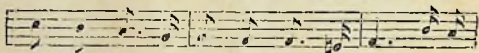
Written and Sung by JOHANN PETERSON.



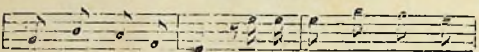
1. It was in the coun - ty Kerry, A



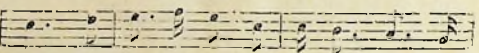
lit - tle way from Clare; Where the boys and girls are



mur - ry At a pot - tion race or fair, Tho'

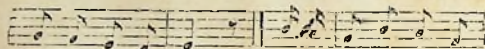


town is called Kellorglin, A pur - ty place to

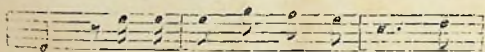


view, But what makes it in - to - rest - ing Is my

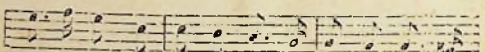
Chorus.



Bridget Don - a - hue. Oh Bridget Don - a -

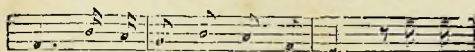


hue, I rea - ly do love you, Al -

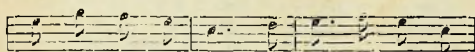


though I'm in A - mer - i - ca, To you I will be

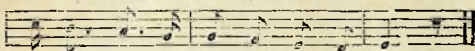
BRIDGET DONAHUE.—CONCLUDED.



true, Then Brid - get Don - a - hue, I'll



tell you what I'll do, Just take the name of



Pat - ter - son And I'll take Don - a - hue

2.

Her father is a farmer,
And a dacent man is he,
He's liked by all the people,
From Kellorglin to Tralleo,
And Bridget on a Sunday,
When coming home from mass,
She's admired by all the people,
Sure they wait to see her pass.
Chorus:—Oh, Bridget Donahue, &c

3.

I sent her home a picture,
I did upon my word,
Not a picture of myself
But the picture of a Bird:
It was the American Eagle,
And says I, Miss Donahue,
Our Eagles wings are huge enough
To shelter me and you.
Chorus:—Oh, Bridget Donahue, &c

PEKE-A-BOO!

Words and music by Wm. J. SCANLAN.

Music published by T. B. HARMS & Co., 810 Broadway, N. Y. City
Price 40 cents.

On a cold winter's ev'ning, when bus'ness is done,
And to your home you retire;
What a pleasure it is to have a bright bouncing boy,
One whom you love to admire;
You hug him, and kiss him, you press him to your
heart,
What joy to your bosom 'twill bring!
Then you place him on the carpet, and you'll hide
behind the chair,
And to please him you'll commence to sing:

CHORUS.

Peke-a-boo! peke-a-boo!
Come from behind the chair;
Peke a-boo! peke a-boo!
I see you hiding there,
Oh! you rascal, there!

Oh, my heart's always light when at home with my
wife,
There joy and peace ever reign;
With my boy on my knee I'm as happy as can be,
I never know care or pain;
He's pretty, he's gentle, he's kind and he is good,
And ev'rything nice him I bring!
Oh, if he attempts to cry when I am standing by,
Just to please him I commence to sing:
Peke-a-boo, etc

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.

By F. ELMORE.

Music published and copyrighted 1881 by T. B. HARMS & Co.,
Broadway, New York. Price 40 cents.

Music will be sent by THE NEW YORK POPULAR PUBLISHING CO.,
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Jennie, my own true loved one,
I'm going far from thee,
Out on the bounding billows,
Out on the dark blue sea.
How I will miss you, my darling,
There where the storm is raging high;
Jennie, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

CHORUS.

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie,
Wait till the clouds roll by,
Jennie, my own true loved one
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Jennie, when far from thee love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Will you then dream of me, love,
Will you your promise keep?
And will I come to you, darling?
Take courage and never sigh,
Gladness will follow sorrow,
Wait till the clouds roll by.
Wait till the clouds. etc

THE MARKET ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

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CAUTION.—All persons are warned from using this song under penalty of the law

Words by ED HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRADAM.

As sung in ED HARRIGAN'S New Original Local Comedy, entitled "McSORLEY'S INFLATION."

Music published by WM. A. POSE & Co., N. Y. Will be sent by us to any address. Price 10 cents.

I'm a poor market woman,
I do a fine trade,

Selling my goods at the stall;

A nate bit of money

Myself I have made

Where I sit with my back to the wall

CHORUS.

I sell turkeys and partridges,

Turnips and cabbages,

Crockery and tinware so bright,

Parsnips and cresses,

And little babe's dresses,

At the Market on Saturday night.

The Mondays and Tuesdays

And Fridays are fine,

Wednesdays and Thursdays are light,

But thousands of people

They stand in a line

At the Market on Saturday night.

CHORUS.

We sell lemons and butterbeans,

Carrots and holly greens,

Celery, so crispy and white,

Pickles and chow-chow,

And dogs that say how-wow,

At the Market on Saturday night.

In summer or winter,

Oh, when the wind blows,

Filling wid dust all our eyes,

In rain or in frost

Or terrific snow

We're shouting and yelling our cries.

CHORUS.

We sell peanuts, bananas,

And Chinese Havanas,

It's really a beautiful sight,

It's oleomargarine,

Little pigs' crubeans,

At the Market on Saturday night.

IS THAT MR. RIELLY?

As sung by PAT ROONEY with great success.

Copyright secured 1882 by THE N. Y. POPULAR PUBLISHING CO.

I'm Terence O'Rielly, I'm a man of renown,

I'm a thoroughbred to the backbone,

I'm related to O'Connor, my mother was Queen

Of China, ten miles from Athlone.

But if they'd let me be, I'd have Ireland free,

On the railroads you'd not pay no fare,

I'd have the United States under my thumb,

And I'd sleep in the President's chair.

CHORUS.

Is that Mr. Rielly, can any one tell?

Is that Mr. Rielly that owns the hotel?

Well, if that's Mr. Rielly they speak of so highly,

Well, upon me soul, Rielly, you're doing damned

well.

I'd have nothing but Irishmen on the police,

Patrick's Day'll be the fourth of July,

I'd get one thousand infernal machines

To teach the Chinese how to die.

I'll defend workingmens' cause, manufacture the

laws,

New York will be swimming in wine,

One hundred dollars a day will be very small pay,

When the White House and Capitol is mine.

Is that Mr. Rielly, etc.

I NEVER DRINK BEHIND THE BAR.

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CAUTION.—All persons are warned from using this song under penalty of the law.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRANHAM.

As sung in Ed. Harrigan's New Original Local Comedy, entitled
"MCSORLEY'S INFLATION."

Music published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y. Will be sent by us
to any address. Price 40 cents.

I used to own a fine saloon,
With mirrors on the wall,
The finest class would never pass
But just drop in and call.
"Good-morning, Pete," they'd say to me,
"You're looking slick—ta-ta!
Will you fine?" "I must decline
While I'm behind the bar."

CHORUS.

I never drink behind the bar,
But I will take a mild cigar,
Or a sip of Pollinar,
I never drink behind the bar.

Like a pink I'll mix a drink
And toss the glass in style,
"The round on you? a dollar due,"
I'd whisper with a smile.
"Don't go home, I'm quite alone,
You've time to call a car.
Try one with me, oh, don't you see
That I'm behind the bar!"

I never drink, etc.

Oh, I could mix a lemonade,
A cocktail or gin fizz,
'Twas given out that none about
Could beat me at the biz.
"You're a lallycooler, Pete—
A regular lardy-da."
They'll wink at me and say
I'd drink behind the bar.

I never drink, etc.

THE OLD FEATHER BED.

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CAUTION.—All persons are warned from using this song under penalty of the law.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRANHAM.

As sung in Ed. Harrigan's New Original Local Comedy, entitled
"MCSORLEY'S INFLATION."

Music published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., N. Y. Will be sent by us
to any address. Price 40 cents.

In the County Mayo, long, long ago,
Me father himself took a wife;
'Twas all understood he'd do what he could
To provide for me mother through life.
His father, old Dougherty, gave all the crockery,
He gave up his table to ate of their bread,
Her mother, God save her, said all she could lave
her
Was her bouncing big soft feather bed.

CHORUS.

Me father and mother, me sister and brother,
Me granny and aunt and big Cousin Ted,
Me uncle, a snilor, his nephew, a tailor,
All slept on the bouncing big down feather bed.

When the ship *Idaho* come over, you know,
Me husband and me anyhow,
Took passage outright in the dead of the night,
And anchored ourselves on the bow.
The rooms they were jumbled, the ocean was tum-
bled,
Sick of the sea and, begorra, half fed,
The ocean kept roaring, but I kept a-snooring,
As I slept on the bouncing big down feather bed.

In all sorts of weather I'd shake up the feathers
That mother herself she did pluck,
She stuffed the old tick, 'twas herself had the knick
To trim off a turkey or duck.
It never was lumpy to make your back humpy,
No bolster you'd need for to tuck up your head,
When I would get dozy I'd lay down so cozy,
And sleep in the bouncing big down feather bed.

BIDDY MAGEE.

As sung by Our Great Minstrel Company.

I have a daughter of fame and renown,
She plays in the circus along with the clown,
She wears blue tights the people to please
As she swings on the flying trapeze,
Her name is Matmara from sweet Italy,
But she's from the County Tralalee,
Oh, my! she Irish you see,
Her name it is Biddy Magee.

CHORUS.

She jumps and she kicks and throws herself so,
(Symp.)

With laces and ribbons around her big toe,
Oh, my daughter Biddy, you are a darling, you're like
your daddy,
Around on her her nose she swings on two rings,
On a horse she does the Scotch fling.

You should see my daughter Biddy,
For eating they say she's the queen,
She swallows the smoke, she drinks kerosene,
She's the pet of Pete Barnum's big show.
Along with the monkees she does a clog dance,
You'd laugh to see them both prance,
Oh, my! she's Irish, you see,
And her name it is Biddy Magee.

She jumps and she kicks, etc

IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

As sung by Maggie Clune.

Don't call me weak minded, perchance I should sing,
Of the dearest old spot upon the earth;
And don't think me foolish should memory bring,
To my mind the dear land of my birth.
With its hills and its valleys, its mountains and vales;
Of which our forefathers would boast;
Of a dear little island all covered with green,
Ah, but list and I'll give you an Irishman's toast.

CHORUS.

Here's to the land of the shamrock so green
Here's to each boy and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
May God speed old Ireland, that's an Irishman's toast

My mind's eye oft pictures my old cabin home,
Where it stood by the murmuring rill,
Where my playmates and I oft together did roam.
Through the castle that stood on the hill.
But the stout hand of time has destroyed the old cot
And the farm now lies barren and bare;
Around the old porch there is ivy entwined,
But the birds seem to warble this toast in the air
Here's to the land, etc.

THE TIPPERARY CHRISTENING.

Sung by JAMES O'NEIL with great success, at Tony Pastor's

It was down in that place, Tipperary,
Where they're so airy, and so contrary,
Where they kick up the devil's figarrie,
When they christened the beautiful boy.
In comes the piper, set thinking,
And a-winking, and a-blinking,
And a woggin of punch he was drinking,
And wishing the parents great joy.

When home from the church they came,
Father Tom and old Mikey Branagan,
And scores of as pretty boys and girls,
As ever you'd wish for to see;
When in through the door,
Hogan, the tinker, Lather and Lanagan,
Kicked up a row, and wanted to know
Why they wasn't asked to the spree.

Then the boy set up such a-bawling,
And such a-squalling, and caterwauling,
Oh, that was the day of great joy.
Then the piper set up such a-moaning,
And such a-droning, and such a-crooning,
In the corner his comether was turning,
When they christened sweet Dennis, the boy.

The aristocracy came to to the party,
There was McCarty, light and hearty,
With Florence Berdella Fogarty,
Who said that was French for a name;
Dionysius Alphonso Mulrooney,
Oh, so spooney, and so looney,
With the charming Evangeline Mooney,
Of society she was the cream.

Cora Teresa Maud McCann,
Angelina Rooke, and Julia McCafferty,
Rignold Mormon Duke, Morris McGan,
And Clarence Ignatius McGurk;

THE TIPPERARY CHRISTENING

(Concluded.)

Cornelius Floratio Flaherty,
Sir Adolphus Grace, and Dr. O'Rafferty,
Eva McLaughlin and Cora Muldoon,
And Brigadier-General Burke;

They were dancing the polka-razarika,
I was a worker, not a shirker,
And a voice of Vienna, la Turker,
And ae polka-redowa divina;
After dancing, they went in to luncheon,
Oh, such munching, and such crunching,
They were busy as bees at a luncheon,
With their coffee, tea, wikeky, and wine.

They had all kinds of tea, they had Shooshong,
They had Ningnook, and Drinkdook,
With Oolong, and Eoolong, and Toolong,
And teas that were made in Japan;
They had sweetmeats, imported from Java,
And from Youver, and from Mouver,
In the four-masted steamer, *Marnaver*,
That sails from beyond Hindostan.

Cold ice-cream, and cream that was hot,
Pomeo punch, snowball and sparrowgrass,
Patty D. Foy, whatever that means,
Made out of goose-liver and grease;
Red-headed duck, salmon and peas,
Bandy-legged frogs, *provanon* ostriches,
Bottled noise, woodcock and snipe,
And everything that would please.

After dinner, of course, there was speaking,
And hand-shaking, and leave-taking,
In the corners, old mothers match-making,
And other such innocent sins:
Then they bid a good-by to each other,
To each mother, and each brother;
When the last rose, I thought I would sn'tose,
When they wished the next would be wine.

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- 159 Harris & Wood's Groumymers.
- 160 O'Neil's Glib's e'r Coast's b' Emst
- 161 Robert's My only Daughter Jane
- 162 Am. b' Jenny, Jo Jenny Johnson
- 163 J. H. Conroy's Tit-a-Ta.
- 164 Lewis' Tr' b' of G'f' Her N' t' Ch'f
- 165 Dutch Mendel's B'w'd D'ch'm'n
- 166 Stiles' New Orleans Minstrel.
- 167 Emerson & Clark Not this Ev'ng
- 168 Four Eccentric.
- 169 Fagan & Fox's Derby Jockey.
- 170 Hey wood's Prima Donna.
- 171 Olympic Quartette.
- 172 Slavin's Baby's Got a Cramp.
- 173 Hengler's Quite too Utterly Liten
- 174 Harry Hill's Greatest.
- 175 Harrigan & H. Squatter's r'nty
- 176 B. McCoy, or Come to my Arms
- 177 Maloney's The Man.
- 178 St.G. Hus's 'Ship th' b'r't Me Over
- 179 Wesley Bros's Dandy D'ng's C'ty
- 180 Lester & Wm. Empty's Incestable
- 181 C. Swain's When Ly'all'g to Trn
- 182 The Dayton's New Portman.
- 183 Old-fash'd Church on the Hill.
- 184 The Specialty Trio.
- 185 Devere & McElroy's Latest Banjo
- 186 Hogan Bros's Merry Hottentots
- 187 W. A. Baron's Germany vs. Africa
- 188 Ward & Lynch's Initiation.
- 189 W. H. Sullivan's Marriage Day
- 190 The Horseshoe Four.
- 191 Shaffer & Blakely's Southern Duo.
- 192 Mason & L. A. Beckle-Gildersleeve
- 193 Pastor's Dot Beautiful Heb. Girl
- 194 Brane & C. What don't I wait away
- 195 Jas. O'Neil's McElroy's Twist
- 196 Maggie Cline's Mary Ann Kehoe
- 197 The Little Four.
- 198 Winnetts' Popular Productions.
- 199 Duprez & Benedict's Fain't M't's
- 200 Melcor's Great Songster.
- 201 M. Lee's An Irishman's Trast.
- 202 Pat Kelly's McGrogan the Cop.
- 203 Sam Devere's Jumbo.
- 204 P. Rooney's Is that Mr. Rilly?
- 205 Original Novelty Four.
- 206 Mancheater's J'n'ng's Ecc. Char.
- 207 Murphy & Mack's Wedding
- 208 Sheehan & C. McKissack's Tris Ab'd
- 209 Harrigan & Hart's Blackbird.
- 210 Murphy & Shannon's Becky Klein
- 211 Flora Moore's Come Back.
- 212 St. Mark's S'm's L'ile Bit of Mat.